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"A HUMBUG REVIEW"

Featuring  
The 60 Queenies



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PRESENTED ON  
DECEMBER 21, 1978  
AT  
IDRC, OTTAWA

IDRC-doc-167





**The First Ever**

# **IDRC Christmas Show!**

***The 60 Queenies***

**in**

## **"A Humbug Review"**

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**Thirty-five minutes packed with  
*Laughter! Music! Talent!***

**Starting promptly at 2:00 p.m.  
on Thursday, December 21st,  
in the 16<sup>th</sup> floor Lounge;  
first arrivals will get the best seats!**

**— Don't miss it —**

**The jokes won't sound the same  
when your friends tell them to you!**

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# A HUMBUG REVIEW

## WHODUNIT

THE "GREAT" IDEA . . . . . Angie Forget  
THE CATALYTIC AGENT . . . . . Vivian Asfar

PRODUCERS . . . . . Angie Forget/  
Vivian Asfar

DIRECTOR . . . . . Vivian Asfar  
ASSISTED BY: John Laidlaw

MUSIC DIRECTOR  
AND CHORUSMASTER . . . . . John Laidlaw

PIANO . . . . . John Laidlaw

DRUMS . . . . . Claude Dupuis

MARACCAS (Cassava Joe Number) . . . . . Angie Forget

CASTANETS (Cassava Joe Number) . . . . . Vivian Asfar

STAGE SET-UP . . . . . Allan Audet

SONGWRITERS: "O Sleepy Town of Ottawa" . . . . . Paul Stinson  
"Here Come The Follies" . . . . . Paul Stinson  
"I'm Getting Reviewed In The Morning" . . . . . Vivian Asfar/  
Paul Stinson  
"All I Want is a Room Somewhere" . . . . . Vivian Asfar  
"When He Was A Lad" . . . . . Gilbert & Sullivan  
"Pouffe, The Magic Princess" . . . . . Paul Stinson  
"You Gotta Have Seeds" . . . . . Vivian Asfar  
"Cassava Joe He Is a Man in Town" . . . . . Paul Stinson  
"The Second Floor's My Empire" . . . . . Paul Stinson  
"I Belong to Glasgee" . . . . . Angie Forget/  
Paul Stinson  
"If You Have Enough Kids Around You" . . . . . Paul Stinson  
"Ivan Hoe, Ivan Hoe" . . . . . Angie Forget/  
Paul Stinson  
"Ivan, Our Brand-New Prezzie" . . . . . Paul Stinson  
"The Twelve Days of Christmas" . . . . . Paul Stinson

DIALOGUE WRITER . . . . . Rowan Shirkie  
ASSISTED BY: Paul Stinson  
Vivian Asfar  
Angie Forget

CAST OF CHARACTERS: Announcer . . . . . Paul Stinson  
Moderator . . . . . Allan Rix  
Big Jon Lurch . . . . . Ron Archer  
J.C. Piper . . . . . Tony Lovink  
Cassava Joe Pulse . . . . . David Henry  
R.N. Do-It-Son . . . . . Tony Lovink  
Dr. John Pill . . . . . Kenneth King  
Ivan Hoe . . . . . John Laidlaw

CHORUS: Allan Oddity - Angie Forgets - Paul Winsome - Vivian Safari

\* \* \* \* \*

INTRO SONGS

(Tune: "O Little Town of Bethlehem")

O sleepy town of Ottawa  
How still you always lie!  
Wake up at ten, go home at four --  
And no one bats an eye.

Yet mid your slumber shineth  
An everlasting high,  
Because dear Brenda slipped some hash  
Into our Christmas Pie!

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(Tune: "Roll Out the Barrel")

Here come the Follies,  
We'll have a jolly good time...  
We are the Queenies,  
Putting our jobs on the line!  
Now's time for pot-shots --  
No one around here's immune!  
Come along and join the Follies,  
Won't you sing our tune?

PS: Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen... Welcome to the Humbug Follies, coming to you from the sumptuous Sixteenth Floor Lunchroom of the IDRC at 60 Queen -- the brownest, blankest building in Ottawa. We have a Christmas cracker full of surprises, laughter, music and a fun-filled poke at ourselves today, featuring the great, the not-so-great, and the would-be-great of our Centre. But without further ado, let's get on with it. All the world's a stage, and here's a man who's been a stagehand most of his life at IDRC, first for Queen Ruthie and now for King Louis of the Fifteenth -- Allan Mix!

Chorus: Heeeeeeeeeeeeeere's Allan!

AR: Thank you, Paul. Well, I'm glad so many of you have stayed to see the show. Obviously, the wine hasn't run out yet!

We were a little uncertain about putting on this show today... Some of the cast actually thought they might like to go on working here after it's all over. Anyway, we intend to have a little fun -- something that's sometimes missing at the Centre -- so get a grip on your skins, try and remember what it was like before you got dignified and dull, and let's go.

We have a great line-up of people today. However, any resemblance between these characters and actual people at the Centre is sheer luck! Big Jon Lurch is here to try, once again, to make sense of the Salary Review Program. Cassava Joe Pulse is waiting offstage: this is the man who crossed wheat and rye to produce a drink that tastes awful, but makes great toasts. R.N. Do-It-Son will be on later... many of you know him as the man who has an answer for everything -- usually NO! Dr. John Pill will be with us, although the only way we could pry him away from his office was to roll a nickel by the door. We also have J.C. Piper dropping in: he's the man who combines the talents of Perry Mason and Dear Abby. Finally, our very own President, Ivan Hoe, will join us briefly between television appearances, and he'll be drawing the ten lucky winners of this year's "Keep Your Job" raffle at the close of the show.

But enough... On with the show! Let's welcome our first guest and give him a big hand... The man with the biggest Excedrin Headache of them all -- Big Jon Lurch!

(Chorus sings: "I'm Getting Reviewed In The Morning")

BIG JON LURCH (#1)

(Tune: "I'm Getting Married in the Morning")

I'm getting reviewed in the morning  
Now for promotion I'm in line  
Economic decrease...  
No merit increase...  
But get me to Jon Lurch on Nine.

Girls: We hear that six percent we're getting  
Boys: All here deserve it -- even more;  
With our Control Point  
Our noses out of joint,  
When we see Jon we'll even the score!

Administration can be a drag:  
With "Urgent" stickers contracts you must flag...

So now we're demanding Christmas increase  
Just twenty bucks for everyone,  
Hell with the budget  
Ask Ray to fudge it  
But get us to Jon Lurch -- Can anyone find Jon Lurch? --  
Is Jon Lurch ever anywhere on time?

JON LURCH

JL: (as song ends) Nice. Very nice. A qualified good, even.

AR: Welcome aboard, Jon. It's great to have you here this afternoon.

JL: Thanks, Al, I'm cautiously optimistic about being here, all things considered.

AR: What do you mean?

JL: Well, considering the internal relativities of the situation at this time, vis-à-vis there being no merit in going beyond control interfacing here with you...

AR: (confused) Whaaa?

JL: I'll take that into consideration. No reflection on your performance, of course, if you don't grasp how you fit into the dialogue. But I'm going to have to give you a "satisfactory -- needs improvement" on your interviewing technique.

AR: What does it take to get a straight answer out of you?

JL: Usually about three scotches.

AR: Tell me, has it been difficult managing the salary program, dealing with all the different complaints, keeping things in line?

JL: Allan, you don't know the troubles I've seen. Tears, tearing of hair, wailing, threats of violence. And that was the person who got the raise! I have to keep moving, changing my extension... You know, it would be really lovely if I could only get away from all the aggravating, demanding people....

(Chorus sings: "All I Want is a Room Somewhere")

BIG JON LURCH (#2)

(Tune: "Wouldn't It Be Loverly?")

All I want is a room somewhere  
High above all that stuffy air  
With one enormous chair --  
Oh, wouldn't it be loverly?

Paul: Lots of flow charts for me to plan  
Alain: Just to show them that I'm their man,  
They'll find out that I can --  
Oh, wouldn't it be loverly!

Angie: Oh, so loverly, sitting abso-bloomin'-lutely still,  
I'd not budget 'till Pierre  
Vivian: Crept over Parliament Hill

I'd establish a Committee  
To review my own salary  
Oh, boy, how rich I'd be --  
Oh, wouldn't it be loverly!

Loverly...

Loverly!



JON LURCH (Continued)

AR: I sympathize, Jon. It must be tough holding the line, fighting fires, trimming the fat, and maximizing results -- all at the same time. How is the Centre going to meet the new budget squeezes?

JL: I'm glad you asked me that, Allan. Everyone is going to be issued a new IDRC Austerity Belt (HOLDS UP GIRDLE). It can be tightened another notch whenever we need to look lean. That way, whenever Parliament calls on us to show restraint, we simply belt up, trot over to the Hill, and FLASH!

AR: (anxious to get rid of Lurch) Well, I know you've got a heavy schedule, Jon, so we won't keep you any longer.

(They shake hands and JL departs the stage)

J.C. PIPER

AR: Our next guest is Saskatchewan's second most famous export after Potash, a man whose ingenious command of the legal language, and knowledge of loopholes, has made the Centre what it is today... neither a Government Department nor a Crown Corporation... Please welcome him, Mr. J.C. "Jim" Piper!

(Chorus sings: "When He Was a Lad")

Girls: When he was a lad, he served a term  
As office boy in an attorneys' firm

Boys: He cleaned the windows and he scrubbed the floor  
And he polished up the handle on the big front door.

Girls: He polished up the handle on the big front door!

Alain: He polished up the handle so carefully  
That now he is the Ruler of the IDRC

Chorus: He polished up the handle so carefully  
That now he is the Ruler of the IDRC!

(J.C. Piper enters, goes up on stage, shakes hands with AR, lifts his heavy purse off his shoulder and sets it on the floor. He then sits down and immediately puts his feet up on the table.)

AR: That's a handsome bag you have there, Jim. What do you carry in it?

JC: Actually, Allan, it's a perth.

AR: A purse?

JC: No, Allan, a perth. Women carry a purse; men carry a perth. (HE LIFTS IT UP ONTO HIS LAP AND RUMMAGES AROUND IN IT). I carry my breakfast (PULLS OUT STYROFOAM CUP), my opera clothes (PULLS OUT OPERA GLASSES), and a few odds and ends I use for contract negotiations (PULLS OUT KNIFE, ROPE).

AR: Truly a perth for all season, eh Jim? (CHORUS GROANS)

J.C. PIPER (Continued)

JC: I believe one should be ready for any contingency. Oh, yes, I also have some business cards (PULLS ONE OUT). May I leave one with you -- after all, you may need my services after this show.

AR: Okay, thanks. (READING CARD): "J.C. Piper, Concert Manager, Ottawa Choral Society....."

JC: Oops, wrong side, Allan! In line with our budgetary restraints, I decided to have the cards printed on both sides. (LOOKS AT HIS WATCH) Sorry, Allan, I really must go. I'm catching a plane for Frankfurt tonight -- I've got tickets to an operatic version of Deep Throat.

AR: Gee, I hope it has a happy ending. Well, it certainly was great seeing you, Jim. I'll give your office a call next week if this thing gets out of hand.

JC: Right. Toot aleurs!

(Leaves stage with belongings, as musicians play exit music)

AR: And now, for a change of pace, our Chorus -- featuring Allan Oddity, Angie Forgets, Paul Winsome, and Vivian Safari -- backed up by John Laid-raw on piano and Claude Groupie on Drums, will pay musical tribute to our President's right-hand person... Slivery Pouffe, the Wonderful Princess in the High Tower.

(Tune: "Puff, the Magic Dragon")

Chorus: Pouffe, the magic princess  
works by the Prez  
She screens his calls and locks his doors  
Despite all that she says

If you want to see him  
Through Pouffe you must arrange --  
Request some time, please stand in line  
Or she will just make strange.

Vivian: Six long years for David  
She toiled without a cuss  
Arranged his daily routine with  
A minimum of fuss...

Now she has a new boss,  
With new whims and desires;  
She now spends all her hours putting  
Out his different fires.

Chorus: Pouffe, the magic princess  
Stays up on Fifteen  
Next to President Ivan Hoe  
She treats him with esteem;

Someday soon she'll find out  
Her President is no more:  
If Joe Clark comes to po-wer  
He'll settle all his scores!

AR: Wasn't that wonderful, folks? And most of them were in the same key!

CASSAVA JOE PULSE

AR: We have the rare pleasure today of a visit from one of the world's foremost experts on tapioca farming and unusual snacks. Please welcome him -- Cassava Joe Pulse!

(Tune: "You Gotta Have Heart")

Chorus: You gotta have seeds,  
Lots and lots and lots of seeds!  
If you want to have those really good crops,  
You gotta be tops in seeds....  
Yes, you gotta have seeds!

AR: Welcome, Joe. You're looking really relaxed, and that's a very smart bow-tie. You were telling me backstage that the President called on you to fill him in on some of your cassava projects?

CJ: That's right, Allan. I'm just sitting, soaking my corns in the office one day and the blower rings... two long and a short... The caller sez: "Ivan Head, here", and I sez I've a head frequent-like the mornin' after! But Addie -- that's the missus -- gives me some of that there Helpya Belcher. "Never mind that," he sez, "what do you know about this Cass Ava?" Well, give me her number an' I'll check her out, I sez. Well, of course we soon got that straightened out and quicker than an outhouse visit in winter, I'm on a plane to Thighland to visit our project there.

AR: Where's Thighland?

CJ: Well ya just go straight down the pike and turn right at India, and there it is. Can't miss it... unless ya get Woodsie Rosie buying yer ticket. And what you know, they ain't just growin' cassava out there... they's breedin' it! Acres and acres, stretched out under the moon, just a 'wavin' their leaves -- breedin'! I tell ya, it was positively orgyastical. An' you know why we're breedin' it?

AR: Because we have unnatural tendencies?

CJ: Nope. It's them small farmers. Tan me for shoe leather if them little fellers don't get lost in the tall cassava. We're breedin' 'em a cassava that's all root... 'cept, once they get the thing in the ground, you can't find it again fer love nor plowin'... But still and all, it's summat the Guv'nors go fer, so I'll be askin' them for more cassava money soon.

(Chorus sings: "Cassava Joe He Is a Man in Town")



CASSAVA JOE SONG

Paul: Cassava Joe, he is a man in town  
Who makes his living just by going round  
And selling to the Governors all year long  
His projects they will buy and listen to his song:

Chorus: Cassava, hot cassava,  
Four hundred thou's not much if you really try;  
Triticale, triticale,  
Joe sells his projects to all who listen, all will buy.

Paul: He wears bow ties wherever he is seen --  
The dapperest man who works at 60 Queen;  
But in the projects meeting, please don't shriek  
If you listen very carefully you'll hear his new shoes squeak!

Chorus: Hot cassava, sure is tasty  
Ground to flour, fine for pastry --  
Four hundred thou, this project here you can buy!  
Triticale, great for biscuits,  
Buy it where you buy your Triscuits --  
Joe can sell oil to Arabs if he tries!

AR: Have you thought of giving the cassava farmers elevator shoes,  
to make them taller?

CJ: Now that's more yer Social Diseases and Human Reinforcements type  
idea. Try her out on Dave Horseman. Well, I gotta go Allan --  
I'm off to Africa to visit our Cow-Pies project, although if they  
think they're gonna get people ta eat them things, they gotta be  
crazier than heifers on loco weed!

(Shuffles off stage as musicians play exit music)

R.N. DO-IT-SON

AR: And now, TENN-SHUN! Our next guest wants all of you to look sharp. A little marching music, please Maestro, as we welcome our own R.N. Do-It-Son!

(Chorus sings: Tune --"The British Grenadiers")

The second floor's my empire  
Beware of what you speak!  
If you defy my orders,  
A doctor you'll need seek!  
This operation's run on time  
And ever so efficient --  
The credit, boys, I take, it's mine;  
So do it as you're told!

(As Chorus is singing first verse, Do-It-Son enters marching, climbs onstage, turns sharply towards audience and salutes. When the verse ends, he lowers his arm, nods at the Chorus in approval, and walks over to shake hands with AR.)

AR: Hello, Colonel, how are you?

RN: Oh, not so bad for an old fellow, I guess.

AR: Good, good. Now, Ron...

RN: DO-IT-SON.

AR: I beg your pardon?

RN: Do-It-Son. My friends call me Ron; you may call me Mr. Do-It-Son. "Sir" isn't necessary. Do-It-Son's the name, mail is the game... and trying to ride roughshod over as devoted a collection of fellows as ever slacked around a transistor radio.

AR: I'm told that under that rough exterior beats the heart of a pussycat. Now come on, admit it!

RN: Who told? Ramush? It was Ramush, wasn't it! I'll recycle him! Pussycat, my behind! Just give me charge of the Centre for one month and I'll show you pussycat! There would be some proper shaping up around here, and some proper shipping out!

R.N. DO-IT-SON (Continued)

AR: I take it then, you don't think we run a tight ship around here?

RN: Tight ship! Tight ship! (STABS WITH FINGER) The only things that are tight in this place are the staff rolling out of the Sixteenth Floor lunchroom, and the Management's grip on our salaries!

Things just aren't the way they used to be...

(SENTIMENTAL SOFT MUSIC ON PIANO AS RN REMINISCES...)

I remember the Centre when we were one small, happy family... We had simple projects then, like drying fruit, or treating bar girls for VD in Uganda. Nobody cared about Trick-er-Kay-Lee. You could walk right into the President's Office and say (GIVES A LITTLE WAVE) "Hello, Your Majesty". We just threw our wastepaper away in those days. Even the Post Office worked most of the time! People were friendlier then: everyone worked together, ate together, slept together!... Now what have we got? Just BIG is all. There's no heart, I tell you, no heart. (SHAKING HIS HEAD. SOBS.) David, Ruthie, why'd you have to go and leave us this way?

(Chorus sings second verse of song -- Do-It-Son stiffens when he hears the music, and salutes again until it is through):

Chorus: Don't ask me for a transfer --  
You've been assigned to me.  
You've never known real hard work  
As all can plainly see.  
Don't tell me that you cannot do  
What I have ordered to be done,  
Because, young man, if you want to stay --  
Listen closely: DO IT, SON!

(Angie Fernie walks in, hands him a telex. He reads it, tosses it to Allan.)

RN: It's for you! (HE STALKS OFF STAGE)

AR: Ah, how timely. Speaking of the passing of things...it's a telex from our Nairobi Office. It says...

CHORUS: So long, it's been good to know ya!  
So long, it's been good to know ya!

DR. JOHN PILL

AR: Our next guest is a man with a bedside manner as smooth as silk, a grip on his budget as strong as steel, and a wit as sharp as a scalpel... Who else but Dr. John (CHORUS: LOVE MEANS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE PREGNANT, PET!) Pill!

Chorus: I belong to Glasgee  
Dear old Glasgee Toun  
My heart is there, but here am I  
After George F. Broun

I'm only a common ole working chap  
As anyone here can see...  
But when I get a couple of drinks on a Saturday,  
Those lassies belong to me!

(As Chorus is singing, Dr. Pill rushes in, his kilt askew, sporran flying; he drops bag of tricks on stage, shakes hands with AR, then checks his pulse.)

AR: Welcome, Dr. Pill -- glad you made it.

JP: Aye, thanks, pet.

AR: You've just returned from visiting a number of your projects overseas. How was it?

JP: Terrible, laddie, terrible. D'ye ken, the full lang time was spent peerin' down pit latrines, or up wee lassies' crutches...

AR: Whoa there, Dr. Pill, this is a family show!

JP: T'was a family sort of show I was inspectin' mesel, pet.

AR: Tell me, about this birth-control thing, isn't it awkward dealing with such an intimate subject?

JP: Not a bit of it, laddie. We have everything to suit your custom. I have a few things in my sporran that I'd like to show ye, if ye'd like to hae a wee gam at 'em.

AR: But of course. Show and tell.

JP: This one (PULLS OUT CAR SPRING), we're testin' in Upper Volta. It's a loop, can't ye see? Then, this little bugger is my Subliminal Deceptive Eggplant (HOLDS UP OBJECT). The wee lassies just have it jabbed into their arm--much more convenient. But our pride, man, our pride is the ring!

DR. JOHN PILL (Continued)

AR: The ring?

JP: Aye. The ring. (PULLS OUT INNER TUBE). Foolproof it is, too, lad. Nothing gets by it! The female inserts it and then it is inflated. Aye, that can be fun, too!

AR: But what about devices for the men, Dr. Pill? After all, family planning should be a shared responsibility.

JP: Oh aye. Certainly we haven't forgotten the men. We've got this little low-cost sommat here for the vasectomy clinics. (PULLS OUT GARDEN SHEARS). We wanted to test this one out here in Ottawa on the Civil Service, but d'ye ken, lad, we could'na find anyone with the necessary parts still intact! Someone beat us to it!

AR: Did you try Supplies and Services?

JP: Och, I dinna ken to do that. Oh well, what else have I got in here? (RUMMAGES SOME MORE) Ah, this is, ah (LOOKS CONFUSED, POPS A LARGE WHITE PILL IN MOUTH. FACE LIGHTS UP) Aye! An after-dinner mint! (SMILES AT ALLAN. STOPS. PEERS AT HIM.) You look a bit pale, laddie.

AR: Truth to tell, Dr. Pill, I've been feeling slightly nauseous for the last fifteen minutes.

JP: AHA! Acute seminal retention, that's what it is! Acute seminal retention! Here, just bid a wee... (RUMMAGES IN SPORRAN - PULLS OUT BALLOON) Take this home, fill it up, and see me in the morning!

(Gathers his things and prepares to leave as  
Chorus sings Condom Song to tune of "My Bonnie  
Lies Over the Ocean")

CHORUS: If you have enough kids around you  
But still like the fun in your bed,  
We offer you now -- does it sound true?  
No-worry devices instead!

Condoms, free condoms,  
Prevent limbs on your family tree, your tree;  
Our pills are your pills,  
Make sex for you both worry-free!



IVAN HOE

AR: Our last guest this afternoon is a man who needs no introduction... Perhaps some explanation, but certainly no introduction. Ladies and Gentlemen, our President, Ivan Hoe!

(Ivan Hoe enters regally, waving in stately fashion to the audience. He shakes hands with Allan and sits in chair, as Chorus sings Ivan Hoe song, to the tune of "Robin Hood, Robin Hood":)

CHORUS: Ivan Hoe, Ivan Hoe,  
Riding through the air  
Ivan Hoe, Ivan Hoe  
With his friend, Pierre...  
Comes from the West,  
Soon lands the best  
Job in town,  
He's no clown --  
Wears no frown!

Ivan Hoe, Ivan Hoe,  
From the halls of Power  
Ivan Hoe, Ivan Hoe  
In his finest hour!  
He's our new Prez -  
We do what he says!  
He's our mate,  
Let's just wait  
And watch his fate!

AR: Mr. President, what a thrill to be eyeballing with you. Thank you for taking the time from your busy schedule to be with us.

IH: Je swiss trez content detra eesee ojourdwee. Is this mike on? Which camera should I face? How's my smile? Oh, and don't ask me any questions about You-Know-Who-And-His-Carnation, or I'll put your You-Know-Whats through the paper shredder!

AR: (nervously) Yes, well, moving right along... A lot of people have been wondering what changes you have in mind for the Centre.

IH: Just a few odds and ends, really. The wallpaper on this floor has definitely got to go. Oh, and that tacky yellow carpet in my office. Also, there are a few heads that need rolling, a few bolts tightening, and a few nuts restraining. By the way, have you seen the new organizational chart? Well, depending on whether you're standing in front of it or behind it, we've taken a few bold new directions!

AR: That's great...

IVAN HOE (Continued)

IH: Say, I just heard a really cute joke at the T.V. studio!  
What's green and small, and flies over Poland?

AR: Gee, I don't know...

IH: Peter Panski!! (LAUGHS AND SLAPS KNEE)

AR: (Trying weakly to laugh) Cute. That's really cute. But seriously, Ivan, a lot of people here are curious about how you came to be President of IDRC. It must have been a thrill when you heard you'd been chosen.

IH: Oh, it really was, Allan. I was overwhelmed, you know. It all happened like this...

(Chorus sings - to tune of "Rudolph, The Rednosed Reindeer"):

CHORUS: Ivan, our brand-new Prezzie  
Had a very brilliant mind,  
He used to mix with big-wigs  
Of the Henry Kissinger kind.  
All of the Boys at External  
Used to growl and call him names,  
They never let poor Ivan  
Play in any power games.

Then, one fatefull afternoon  
The P.M. came to say:  
"Ivan, you have well served me;  
Did you ever hear of IDRC?"

Then how External loved him,  
And they shouted out with glee:  
"Ivan, the brand-new Prezzie  
Now belongs to IDRC!"

AR: ... And we're glad to have you, Ivan. Listen, thanks for being on our show.

IH: Oh, moan playzeer, moan playzeer. Jai aitee tray eureu d'aytre aveik vouz suh soair...

(IH shakes hands with AR, smiles at camera again, waves at audience and leaves the stage.)

FINALE

AR: Well, folks, that about wraps up our guest-list for today.  
To end the show, our wonderful chorus will lead us in a  
popular Christmas carol: The Twelve Days of Christmas.

Thank you for being such a great audience!

(Each member of the cast joins the Chorus on stage  
as the cues come up; all are holding placards with  
the Twelve Gifts written on them.)

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the First Day of Christmas, my Centre gave to me:

- A Jimmy Piper with his lawyer's fee.

Second Day - Two Rosie Rumours

Third Day - Three Bow Ties

Fourth Day - Four Turkey Pyes

Fifth Day - Five Head Skis

Sixth Day - Six Audet Audits

Seventh Day - Seven Bhatia Baskets

Eighth Day - Eight Pairs of Woollies

Ninth Day - Nine Sylvie Door Locks

Tenth Day - Ten Burning Churches

Eleventh Day - Eleven Burley Gays

Twelfth Day - Twelve High Pagodas

CAST MEMBERS BOW DEEPLY IN UNISON.